

# Down The River

*by* Erin Zulkoski

The river was frigid. Branches, empty cans, and used condoms float past me.

I lost my jacket when I became snagged on a tree branch. My shoes are gone.

My skin is blue-grey, as are my lips and fingernails. I've been face-down in this river for two days, my body dumped there by teenagers that had hit me with their car as I was going for my morning jog.

I was running on the wrong side of the road. Their vehicle crested the hill and struck me from behind. I landed in a heap near the river bank. Maybe that's when I lost my shoes...I've heard of situations when people are hit by cars and the impact takes their shoes off.

The kids panicked and did what they thought was best--roll my mangled body into the river.

After dumping my body, they got into their car and sped away. When asked about the damage to the car, they told their parents they hit a deer.

My disappearance didn't raise many questions. I was new to the area. I think the police did search for me, but after two days floating down the river in fast currents, it was called off and I was put in the missing persons file.

This is fine by me. I will continue floating away.

